



Ray E. Brown
1952

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION
*
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

1841
1842
1843
1844
1845
1846
1847
1848
1849
1850
1851
1852
1853
1854
1855
1856
1857
1858
1859
1860
1861
1862
1863
1864
1865
1866
1867
1868
1869
1870
1871
1872
1873
1874
1875
1876
1877
1878
1879
1880
1881
1882
1883
1884
1885
1886
1887
1888
1889
1890
1891
1892
1893
1894
1895
1896
1897
1898
1899
1900





FRONTISPIECE.

see Page 7.



CAUSE OF SOLOMON'S
FATHER'S DEATH.

THE
H I S T O R Y
of
SOLOMON SERIOUS,
and his
DOG POMPEY,
containing many pleasing particulars of
SOLOMON'S LIFE,
his rapid progress in
LEARNING,

his wonderful discoveries with the Microscope,
and attainment of a

LARGE FORTUNE;
also some curious instances of
SAGACITY and *GRATITUDE*
in his FAVORITE DOG with

Pompey's Death, Monument and Inscription:
written by

PRINCE GEORGE of ENGLAND.

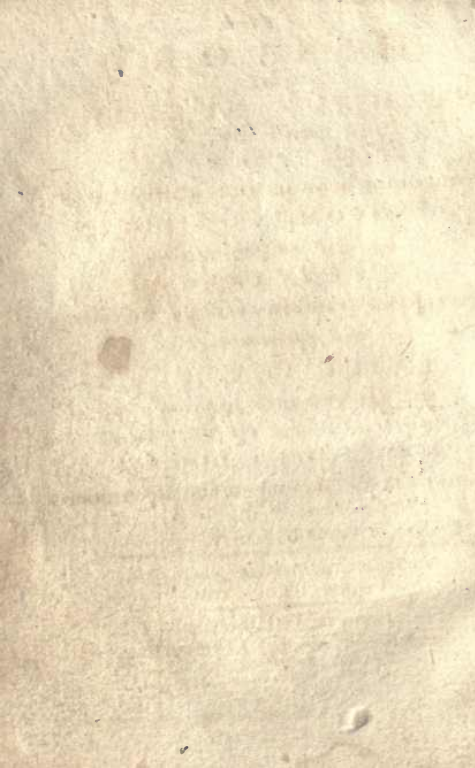
Illustrated with Eight Beautiful
Copper Plate Prints.

Forming VOL. II. of the
YOUTH'S POCKET LIBRARY.
Entered at Stationers' Hall.

L O N D O N,

Published by J. Fairburn, 146, Minories, 1797.

PRICE SIXPENCE.



THE
HISTORY
OF
LITTLE SOLOMON SERIOUS,
AND
HIS DOG POMPEY.

CHAPTER I.

- Birth and Christening of our hero.*
—*Reason of his being called Solomon.*
—*Death of his Father.*—*Cause of*
Mrs. Serious turning School-mistress.
—*Her success.*

LITTLE SOLOMON SERIOUS, the hero of this history, was the son of Mr. and

A

Mrs.

Mrs. Serious, a happy couple, who possessed a small farm, pleasantly situated on the banks of the River Thames, near Richmond. When Little Solomon was a month old, his parents resolved to have him christened, and a day being appointed for that purpose, many of the neighbours were invited to see the ceremony performed. In the afternoon, before they carried him to church, a dispute arose about what his name should be, and continued for some time, but was ended by the nurse observing,

ving, that he had not once laughed since his birth. This all the company agreed was a sign of great wisdom, and it was therefore determined to give him the name of Solomon. However gravity may be a proof of wisdom in general, in his particular case, there cannot be a doubt of it, for as he grew up, whenever a quarrel happened among his school-fellows, about their marbles, balls, or other play-things, it was always referred to his judgment, and he decided so impartially, that every

one submitted chearfully to his sentences. From these circumstances, he was commonly known, by the title of "The Wise Little Solomon." The evening of the day on which our hero was christened, proved a fatal one to his father, who had provided a fine sirloin of beef and a rich plumb-pudding for the entertainment of his visitors. After supper, the company amused themselves by joking, blacking each other's faces, and playing all the variety of gambols that are in vogue at Christmas, for it was
at

at that time of the year.—
Mr. Serious had, unfortunately risen, to hand a glass of ale to a person on the opposite side of the room, when on returning to his place and attempting to sit down, (without noticing that his chair was removed,) fell backwards and broke a blood-vessel by the violence of the fall. A surgeon was immediately sent for, but assistance was in vain, he died in less than two hours after the accident. Mrs. Serious was for some days out of her mind; her grief was so

01 A 3 exces-

excessive, that it threw her into a high fever, which confined her to her bed for three weeks, and then left such a weakness behind, that, although the country air, and the goodness of her constitution were greatly in her favour, it was nearly a twelvemonth before she entirely regained her health. Let me now recal the attention of my youthful readers to the occasion of the death of Mr. Serious, which, as I have mentioned before, was owing to the removal of his chair. At the very moment he stooped
to

to sit down, one of his neighbours, intending to cause a little diversion, snatched away his seat, and was thus unintentionally the cause of depriving a fellow-creature of existence. I have been particular in relating this circumstance, because I have seen the same trick often played by people, who, being ignorant of the sad consequences which sometimes attend it, think it nothing more than an harmless frolic. Thus cautioned, however, I hope they will leave it off, lest fatal experience should bring the pangs
of

of causing another's death, home to their own bosoms. The long illness of Solomon's mother, and the villainy of a man, whom she had employed to look after her farm, obliged her, on recovering, to sell every thing she possessed, to pay her debts; which, when she had done, left her mistress of only five pounds. With this small sum she purchased a table, a few chairs, some household utensils, and a number of forms, to furnish a small cottage, which the Curate of the parish, to whom she had formerly

formerly

formerly been servant, let her live in rent-free. Here she set up a school, and though her learning was not very extensive, yet her industry, and diligence in teaching her scholars to *read*, to *love their parents*, and to *behave well*, procured her the notice of all the farmers in the neighbourhood, who sent their children to her, and by so doing, enabled her to live in tolerable credit and decency.

CHAPTER II.

Solomon learns to read.—His first acquaintance with little Pompey.—Is introduced to the study of nature: and taken by the Curate to bring up with his own children.

WHEN Little Solomon was between three and four years old, his mother taught him his letters, and in less than a week, he could tell the whole alphabet, without making a single blunder. She then put him to spelling, and gave him the London Cries, and some other pretty

pretty little books to read, which pleased him so much, that he went all through them in a very short time, and could repeat some of the stories by heart. He grew so fond of his book, and took his learning so fast, that before he was five years of age, he could read as well, as any boy in the school: and his mind was so much improved by it, that no one, who was less than twice as old as himself, could equal him in good behaviour, or sensible answers. Solomon never delighted in the cruel
custom

custom of taking bird's nests, but as far as lay in his power, persuaded all his companions and play-fellows to leave it off. As I lived in the same village where his mother kept the school, I had a good opportunity of becoming acquainted with many marks of his compassion and tenderness to animals. One day, as I was walking by the side of Richmond Gardens, I observed him conversing in great earnestness, with another boy, rather taller than himself. Drawing softly behind him, I discovered





SOLOMON SAVING
POMPEY'S LIFE.

discovered a poor little half-starved puppy in his arms, which he was patting and stroking, with every appearance of satisfaction, and found by his discourse, that he had just saved the poor creature from being drowned, by giving his whole stock of money and play-things for it, which amounted to three-halfpence, a bag of marbles, and a spinning top. This instance of his humanity pleased me so much, that I gave him a shilling to redeem his effects, and buy victuals for his dog. Telling

B

him,

him, at the same time, that a *good action* never passed unrewarded. And this Solomon afterwards found to be true: for the same animal, whose life he had saved from drowning, was the cause of his own being preserved from a similar fate. I shall give the particulars in due time and place. As Solomon grew up, his mother would frequently take him into the garden, and made him observe the beauty of the flowers and plants, and their admirable formation for taking advantage of good weather and protecting

protecting themselves against the bad. Some, she would tell him, shut up before sunset, lest the damp air of evening should injure them; others, never open till the sun is retired, for the heat and dryness of day would destroy them; some open to receive rain; some close to avoid it: some plants follow the sun, others turn from it. Many plants, in the evening, vary the position of their leaves, which is styled the *sleep of plants*. A singular plant was lately discovered in Bengal.

Its leaves are in continual motion all day long, but when night approaches, they fall down, from an erect posture to rest. Upon the slightest touch, the sensitive plant shrinks back, and folds up its leaves, similar to a snail, which, on touching, retires within its shell.—By discourses like these, she taught him a habit of reflecting, and directed his attention to the beauties of nature; so that every day added an increase to his knowledge, and brought him more and more acquainted with

with

with the *works of his creator*. When Solomon was about nine years old, the Curate, who had often visited his mother to give her assistance and advice, proposed, as he was such a good boy, to take him to his own house, and bring him up with his children; one of whom, called George, was about the same age, the other, a daughter, named Maria, was two years younger. To this proposal his mother joyfully assented, and the following Monday was fixed on for Solomon to go to his new habitation.

tion. During the remainder of the week, our hero's spirits were in such a tumult of expectation, that he could scarce think or talk of any thing, but of where he was going, and the improvement he should make in his learning. Mrs. Serious was not so happy; the thoughts of parting with her only child, made her extremely uneasy, and nothing but the certainty of its being for his benefit, could reconcile her to the idea of parting with him at all.

CHAPTER III.

The arrival of Solomon at the Curate's house.—Battle between our Hero, Pompey, and a Turkey.—Effects of the Battle.—Wonders of the Microscope.

THE long and expected day at length arrived, and Solomon, having kissed his mother, and received her blessing, set out for the Curate's house, which was situated near the church, and almost three-quarters of a mile up the town. Little Pompey ran before, barking

barking and wagging his tail, and seemed equally as joyful as his master. The door was opened by young George, who, together with his sister, had been anxiously awaiting his arrival. For the good temper of Solomon had procured him the esteem of every boy and girl that knew him. They immediately let him into the parlour, where Mr. Jones, (for that was the Curate's name) and his wife, were sitting. After Solomon had made his obedience, and Mr. Jones had enquired how his mother did,

he

he and George were told to go into the garden, or farm-yard, and amuse themselves till dinner time. Away they scampered, and George led his new companion to see the pigeons and the poultry. Here, however, a sad accident befel our hero, for having a pair of red breeches on, he was furiously attacked by one of the turkies, who it is well known, have an aversion to that colour. Not being prepared for such an encounter, he started back, and his foot slipping, he fell down in the dirt, when the turkey
advancing

advancing with a loud cry, seemed determined to make an end of his fallen enemy. Master George stood ready to split his sides with laughing, and never offered the least assistance; but the faithful Pompey, who had followed them from the house, flew at the turkey, and seizing him by the throat, prevented his doing any more mischief, and gave his master an opportunity to rise. When Solomon got up, he called off his dog, and the bird, not wishing to continue the fight against such odds,





odds, directly ran away. Our hero, who was much vexed at his cloaths being spoilt, and out of humour with George for not helping him, turned round without speaking, and was gravely walking towards the house; when George, who though somewhat mischievous, was not hard-hearted, having by this time recovered from his fit of laughing, overtook him, and tenderly asked if he was hurt. Solomon at first made no reply:—on the question being repeated, he said, his ankle felt as if it was
sprained.

sprained. Upon this, George vowed vengeance against the turkey, threatening to beat it without mercy, but Little Solomon, whose humanity never forsook him, begged he would do no such thing, for if his foot had not slipped, the accident could never have happened. By this time they had got into the house, and Mrs. Jones, having pulled off our hero's stocking, rubbed his foot with a mixture of hartshorn and oil. This soon allayed the swelling, but as it still pained him very much, she

she persuaded him to go to bed for the rest of the day. In the evening, Solomon felt himself something better, and by the next morning, was entirely recovered. He was now, for the first time in his life, favoured with a look through a microscope. The first object that Mr. Jones, put under the glass, was a common fly. But how shall I describe the surprize of our hero, on discovering an animal nearly eight inches long, with eyes of the most dazzling brightness, and wings that

C seemed

seemed like fine gauze, streaked with shining silver, and of the most beautiful glossy black, that ever was beheld. “ See,” said Mr. Jones, “ how “ admirable are the works of “ nature! even an insignifi- “ cant fly becomes interesting, “ when we are in a proper “ situation to discover its “ beauties. We view it with “ wonder and amazement, and “ are astonished at the power “ that could lavish so much “ elegance and splendour in “ so small a compass.”—Little Solomon could scarcely be-
lieve

lieve his eye-sight, and peeped under the glass, to be certain there was no deception. Mr. Jones, who could hardly help laughing at the expression of his countenance, told him, he should see more wonderful things on the morrow, but at present, he had not any more time to spare. Our hero thanked him, and withdrew.



CHAPTER IV.

*More wonders.—A Butterfly.—
Eels in vinegar.—Humanity of Solo-
mon.—An accident.—Sagacity of
Pompey.*

THE next morning, as soon as breakfast was ended, Little Solomon begged for another look at the microscope. Mr. Jones desired him to go into the garden, and catch a butterfly, and bring it to him, taking great care not to hurt it: away ran Solomon, and presently returned with a large
one

one of a beautiful gold colour. This was confined under the glass, in a manner, which though it prevented its flying, did it no injury. Solomon then looked at it, and was more surprized than before. The butterfly seemed changed into a bird, whose wings were ornamented with all the colours of the rainbow; the white meal that covered it, and which Solomon had before taken for a fine powder, he discovered to be feathers, every where disposed with the greatest order and regularity. When our

hero had sufficiently satisfied his curiosity with this object, Mr. Jones let it fly out of the parlour window. — A small drop of stale vinegar was then put under the glass, and Solomon beheld an immense number of little animals, like eels, swimming about in all directions. Mr. Jones divided one with the point of a fine needle, when several oval bodies of different sizes issued forth. “These bodies,” said the kind Curate, “contain young
“eels, each of them coiled up
“and inclosed in a thin cover-
“ing

“ ing, which is so exquisitely
“ fine, as scarce to be discerna-
“ ble with the greatest magni-
“ fier, while it incloses the un-
“ born animal. The largest and
“ most forward immediately
“ break through this covering,
“ unfold themselves and wrig-
“ gle about nimbly in the water:
“ others get out, uncoil, and
“ move themselves about more
“ slowly, and the least mature,
“ continue entirely without
“ motion.” — These various
operations delighted Solomon
very much; and Mr. Jones,
wishing to encourage him in
10 the

the study of natural history, lent him a pretty book, called "Bakers Employment of the Microscope", where he told him he might read of animals so small, that millions will lie upon the surface of a halfpenny, though the length of their bodies are at least an hundred and fifty times equal to their breadth; and of many others, every whit as curious. "Whenever," continued Mr. Jones, "you have an inclination to look at any of them through the microscope, you shall always be welcome ;

" I

“ I will deny you nothing, as long as you behave well.”— Solomon thanked him for his goodness, and said, he should often make use of the liberty that was given him. The generous Curate has since informed me, that our hero kept his word, for scarcely a day passed, without his bringing some object or other to survey: nor was Solomon less industrious at his learning, he soon made a great progress in arithmetic and writing; and, before he had been two months at Mr. Jones’s, was able to con-
strue

strue a latin page with tolerable accuracy. About this time it was, that our hero had like to have been drowned, for having climbed up a tree that grew over the fish-pond, to replace a young bird which had accidentally fallen out of its nest, a branch gave way, and he fell headlong into the water: here he lay struggling for some minutes, without being able to get out, and never having learned to swim, was on the point of sinking to the bottom, when in the very nick of time, Mr. Jones and
his



POMPEY SAVING
SOLOMON'S LIFE.



his son George ran up. Mr. Jones being a good swimmer, directly jumped into the pond, and catching him by the hair, dragged him to the edge in safety. He then carried him home, and placed him between some warm blankets, where, with the aid of a cordial, he soon revived. — Mr. Jones now told him, that he was indebted for his life to the fidelity of his dog Pompey, who, it seems, had followed his master into the garden, and on seeing him fall into the fish-pond, had run back to the house,

house, where he pulled the flap of the Curate's coat, and then ran to the door barking and looking behind. At first, they did not notice him, but on his repeating the same actions, several times, Mr. Jones and his son were induced to follow him. Pompey led them strait to his master, wagging his tail all the way, as if he was overjoyed at their compliance.—The consequence I have already related.—Thus was the life of our hero saved, wholly from the effects of his own humanity.

CHAPTER V.

Pompey and the Fox.—Death of Solomon's Mother.

I TRUST that my little readers will not object to my relating another instance of Pompey's sagacity, which I was partly an eye-witness to. The Curate's farm had been often disturbed by a fox, who broke in, in the night, and frequently took away some of the poultry. In vain were springs and traps set to catch him, he eluded them all, and continued his

D depre-

depredations, as usual : Pompey, however, had discovered the place of Reynard's retreat, but, not being able to cope with him himself, for several days successively, he buried his allotment of meat and bones: he then collected several other dogs, feasted them from this hoard, conducted them to the fox's den, and by their assistance, tore him in pieces. Let us now return to Little Solomon: who, the day after his narrow escape from drowning, was sent for by his mother. Solomon
went



POMPEY'S WONDERFUL
SAGACITY.



went immediately, and found her at the point of death: a violent cold, caught by walking in the rain, had brought on a fever, which increased so rapidly, that Mrs. Serious was sensible she should not live long. In this situation, she sent for her son, and taking him by the hand, while the tears streamed from his eyes, spoke to him in the following manner.—“I am now,” my dear child, “going to my eternal home, the cares of this world will then trouble me no more; I am not fearful of
D 2 “dying,

“ dying, for throughout my
“ life I have been active in
“ doing good ; yet the thought
“ of leaving you, my son,
“ thus early, and unprotected,
“ I must own, is very painful.
“ But I will not despair, for the
“ same merciful Being, that
“ sustained me when your poor
“ father died, will also sustain
“ and be a protector to you.
“ He hath promised,—the all-
“ powerful God hath promised,
“ To be a father to the father-
“ less, and he will not falsify his
“ word. Do not grieve my
“ child, death is only terrible
“ to





DEATH OF
SOLOMON'S MOTHER.

“ to the wicked, on me, his
“ darts have lost their power.
“ I would fain give you some
“ advice, but life seems eb-
“ bing fast; and I have only
“ time to tell you never to de-
“ part from virtue, for it will
“ assuredly make you happy,
“ though in poverty: while
“ vice, though in the midst of
“ plenty, can only produce
“ remorse and misery.—In
“ that trunk I have placed a
“ will, which your benevolent
“ friend, Mr. Jones, will see
“ executed: It makes you
“ master of all I have saved

“ since I came to this cottage :
“ trifling as it is, it may here-
“ after be a means of enabling
“ you to set up in business,
“ and when connected with
“ industry and diligence, may
“ lead to affluence.—Farewell
“ my child, be virtuous and
“ be happy.”—When Mrs.
Serious had finished these
words, she kissed her weeping
son, fell gently back upon her
pillow, and with a smile of
hope and resignation on her
face, surrendered her soul into
the hands of her Creator and
Judge. Little Solomon wept
most

most bitterly at her death, for she had been one of the best and most indulgent of mothers; and, for a long while, refused to be comforted.—After her burial, he grew more composed, and the lenient hand of time at length conquered his affliction. The little property she had left was removed to Mr. Jones's, where our hero again took up his residence, and once more applied himself to his learning with vigour and resolution.

CHAPTER VI.

Solomon improves in his learning.—

A Conversation.—Use of Frogs and Toads.—Pleasing story of a Toad.—Whales, and Whalebone.

BY the time Solomon was twelve years of age, he had completely mastered the Latin language; and, by his great attention to study, had amazingly improved his understanding.

As a proof of this, I shall give the substance of a conversation that passed one evening when

when I was present, (being on a visit to Mr. Jones,) between him, Master George, and Miss Maria. Maria commenced the dialogue by saying, she wondered there should be such ugly, nasty things, as frogs and toads in the world, for she was certain they could be of no use, but to frighten people. To this Solomon made answer, that he was sorry to hear Miss Maria speak in such a positive manner, when it was impossible to be sure of being in the right. "Indeed," continued the youth, "though I cannot
" deny

“ deny the first appearance of
“ them to be disgusting, yet,
“ on a better acquaintance,
“ we forget the seeming defor-
“ mity of their shapes. I have
“ myself read of a lady, who
“ took a great deal of pleasure
“ in the company of a toad,
“ letting it crawl over her hands
“ and arms, and feeding it
“ with snails and other insects.”

Here Master George said,
he thought that could never be
true, for the venom of the toad
must have poisoned her. So-
lomon replied, “ That the
“ notion of the toad’s being
“ poisonous,

“poisonous, was a mistake,
“founded either on prejudice
“or want of observation.”
“On the contrary,” he conti-
nued, “it is perfectly harmless,
“and even useful as a medi-
“cine, if we are to believe the
“pleasing naturalist Gold-
“smith; who tells us, that a
“tradesman of Rome and his
“wife had long lived together
“with mutual discontent: the
“man was dropsical, and the
“woman vicious: this ill-
“matched society promised
“soon, by the very infirm
“state of the man, to have an
“end;

“ end; but the woman was
“ unwilling to wait the pro-
“ gress of the disorder, and
“ therefore concluded, that
“ to get rid of her husband,
“ nothing was left her but
“ poison. For this purpose,
“ she chose out a dose that she
“ supposed would be the most
“ effectual; and having cal-
“ cined some toads, mixed
“ their powder with his drink.
“ The man, after taking a
“ hearty dose, found no
“ considerable inconvenience,
“ except, that it greatly pro-
“ moted urine. His wife,
“ who

“ who considered this as a
“ beginning symptom of the
“ venom, resolved not to stint
“ the next dose, but gave it
“ in greater quantities than
“ before. This also encreased
“ the former symptom; and,
“ in a few days, the woman
“ had the mortification to see
“ her detested husband restored
“ to perfect health; and re-
“ mained in utter despair of
“ ever being made a widow;
“ the very means that she em-
“ ployed for his destruction,
“ proving the cause of his
“ preservation and recovery.”

Frogs, and toads, are also of great use in destroying worms and other vermin which infest our fields and gardens; for they do not, as many ignorant people imagine, live upon vegetables, themselves, but subsist by preying on those insects, who would otherwise feed upon and consume every herb and plant that is destined for the support and nourishment of man.—In this part of our hero's discourse, Maria declared herself satisfied of the usefulness of the animals she had railed against, and said, in

in future, she should be careful of asserting any thing positively, till she had been fully informed of the truth of it.

“ Pray, Solomon,” proceeded the young lady, “ as I know
“ you have lately been reading
“ the history of the Whale,
“ tell me from what part of it
“ the whalebone is procured?”

“ Most willingly,” replied Solomon, “ The whalebone
“ grows in the mouth: it
“ adheres to the upper jaw,
“ and is formed of thin pieces,
“ placed side by side, some
“ of the longest are four yards

“ in length: there are com-
“ monly three hundred and
“ fifty on each side, but in
“ very old fish, more; about
“ five hundred of them are fit
“ for use, the others being
“ too short. They are fur-
“ rounded with long strong
“ hair, not oily, that they may
“ not hurt the tongue, but as
“ strainers, to prevent the
“ return of their food when
“ they discharge the water
“ out of their mouths. The
“ real bones of the whale are
“ hard, porous, and full of
“ marrow.”—Maria thanked
our

our hero, for the information and entertainment he had given her; and the conversation ended by the arrival of some company.



CHAPEER VII.

Arrival of Mr. Bernard.—Invites our Hero to his house.—Solomon goes to the Play.—Pompey dies of old age.—His Monument and Epitaph.

A M O N G the company, whose arrival I have noticed in the last chapter, was a gentleman of the name of Bernard: He had, in the early part of his life; been engaged by the East-India Company, to overlook a silk manufactory, and in some other matters, by which he had acquired a large fortune.

fortune. On his return to England, he married an agreeable woman, by whom he had six children, four of which died in their infancy: The two others, together with their mother, were unfortunately burnt to death, about a twelve-month before his present visit to Mr. Jones. This gentleman was so much delighted with the behaviour of Little Solomon, and with his good character, that he invited him to spend a few weeks at his own house. Our Hero having procured the consent of the
kind

kind Curate, joyfully accepted the invitation, on condition, that master George, and his dear sister, as he called Maria, were permitted to accompany him. To this Mr. Bernard consented, and the next day he sent the carriage for his visitors, when they all set off as merry as happiness could make them: even Pompey, though now grown old, and unable to divert by his playful tricks as he used to do, had a seat allotted him, by the side of his master. They soon arrived at Walton-upon-Thames,

Thames, where Mr. Bernard's house was situated; who received them at the door, and politely ushered them into the parlour. Here they found a table covered with fruit of all kinds, ready for their reception. After they had refreshed themselves, Mr. Bernard led them into the garden, where he told them they might pull the grapes, gather the strawberries, or amuse each other in whatever manner they pleased, till his return, he being obliged to go to Oatlands on some particular business. Mr.

Bernard

Bernard got home about four o'clock, and called his little travellers to dinner, which consisted of a fine roast goose, a venison pasty, and a large apple-pye. In the evening, he took them to the play-house, at Weybridge, where they saw the Tragedy of King Richard the Third, and the pretty entertainment of the Spoilt Child. Solomon and his companions were greatly delighted with the performances, which, as they had never seen a play before, were totally new to them. The amusements

ments being concluded they went home, and after a light supper, retired to rest. At the conclusion of five weeks, spent in continual diversion and gaiety, master George and Maria returned home; but the good qualities of Solomon had so far engaged the esteem of Mr. Bernard, that he wrote a letter to Mr. Jones, requesting him to let his pupil remain where he was for some time longer. This favour being consented to, Mr. Bernard, at the desire of our hero, procured a person to teach him
the

the rudiments of drawing and colouring, in which arts, Little Solomon soon made a rapid progress. About this time, the famous dog Pompey died of old age, and his youthful master, having procured the consent of Mr. Bernard, buried him in the garden, and erected a small obelisk to his memory, from a design of his own. The following inscription also designed, and written by our hero himself, was engraved on the pedestal.

Beneath





Beneath this Monument
The Body of the Faithful POMPEY,
Lies buried.

He departed this Life
On the 17th of OCTOBER,
In the Year of our Lord,
1789.

Stay Traveller.—Awhile thy steps retard.—
If ever Friendship swell'd thy opening breast,
Let this cold Monument obtain regard,
For underneath the bones of Pompey rest.
Blush, faithless world! and take a lesson here:
Never did Pompey flatter to betray!
Gentle in manners, stedfast, and sincere,
His fond affection never knew decay!
A Friend most true! He was a friend in need:
For when his Master sunk beneath the wave;
His great sagacity and ardent speed,
Rescu'd, and sav'd him from a wat'ry grave.
Now, pass on Traveller!—Yet bear in mind
Pompey's high worth, and value of his race;
Nor longer let the actions of his kind,
Reflect on faithless man, the blackness of
disgrace.

CHAPTER VIII.

Death of Mr. Bernard.—Leaves our Hero his whole fortune.—His burial.—Lamentations of the Poor.—Charity of Solomon. Moral of this history; and Conclusion.

NOTHING material befel our hero from this time, till he was in his nineteenth year, when Mr. Bernard, (who would never let him leave his house, but had procured him every assistance to complete his studies,) died, and left him the whole of his fortune,
on

on his attaining the age of twenty-one. Solomon was extremely sorry for his death, which, though it placed him in a state of affluence, had deprived him of a tender and indulgent friend, for whom he felt all the love and fondness of a son. Gladly would he have resigned every thing he was in possession of, could it but have restored the life of his benefactor; but this was impossible: and the youth, in all the bitterness of grief, wept at the loss of him, who had behaved more like a father

than a stranger. Mr. Bernard was buried in the following week, at the church of Walton. Great numbers of poor people attended his body to the grave, and with tears in their eyes, saw his remains committed to the earth. To them he had even been charitable, having relieved their wants, and provided for their necessities; and now, that he was no more, their affliction and lamentations was without bounds. Our hero ordered the sum of fifty pounds to be distributed among them, and declared

declared his resolution of acting in the same worthy manner as his deceased friend. Soon afterwards, Mr. Serious, (for by that name Solomon is now called,) went to his former benefactor, Mr. Jones, and presented him with a five hundred pound bank note, as a small proof of gratitude for the kindness he had shewn him in the early part of his life. It was with much difficulty he prevailed on Mr. Jones to accept this token of remembrance, who, when he did, used these remarkable words.

“ I take it, Sir, because I
“ will not be thought above
“ accepting a recompence, but
“ be assured, that the pleasure
“ of doing good, is alone far
“ superior to any reward that
“ can be offered.”—Mr. Ser-
ious then invited him and his
family to his house, where
they now live together in great
harmony.

My little Readers will learn
from this history, the great
benefit that may arise from
behaving well, and paying
attention to the improvement
of their minds. If Solomon
had

had neglected his book, or acted improperly, Mr. Jones would never have taken notice of him. He never could have been introduced to the acquaintance of Mr. Bernard, consequently, never could have had his fortune. If he had been idle, played truant, or otherwise neglected his learning, it is most probable, he would have continued all his life a vagrant and a beggar.

A few days ago, being in that part of the country, I called to see him. He was then very busy in writing little books

books for the amusement and instruction of children: he told me, that he had lately wrote one, entitled, "The Proverbs of Little Solomon," which is published by Mr. *Fairburn*, in the *Minories*; and that he had almost finished the history of "The White Elephant," a book full of curious adventures, and which, when printed, might be had at the same place.

Having a few pages to spare, I shall present my readers with a specimen of "Little Solomon's Proverbs," which are published as above, with Moral Reflections and Poetical Applications to each Proverb.



SOLOMON WRITING
LITTLE BOOKS.



IN a pleasant village near Bath, there lived a Farmer, named Dobson; who, for years had let out an old mare for the service of his neighbours, whenever they wanted any business done, for which a horse was necessary. As Dobson was a very *covetous* man, he often furnished matter for conversation to the whole parish. Two men, a Barber, and a Carpenter, being one day drinking at a public-house, their discourse fell upon the Farmer, "whose avarice" said the Barber, "is so great, that he would not succour a dying-man, unless he could get something by it." "I don't think him so bad as that" "neither,"

“neither,” cried the Carpenter, “and I’d lay any wager of
“it.” “No,” answered the
other, “I won’t bet any thing,
“but I’ll go and try him.”

Away ran the Barber, and
spying the Farmer in a field,
asked him, “If he would be
“so obliging, as to lend him
“the old mare, for his wife
“was very ill, and he wanted
“to ride to town for a Doc-
“tor.” “I am extremely sorry
“for your wife’s illness,” said
Dobson, “and would lend
“you the mare with all my
“heart, but she lost one of
“her shoes yesterday, and it
“would entirely lame her to
“go without it.” “It hap-
“pened luckily then,” re-
turned

turned the Barber, “ for
“ coming along Bushy-lane,
“ last night, I picked up a
“ shoe; I dare say it must be
“ your mare’s, and as I go by
“ the blacksmiths, I’ll take it,
“ and have it nailed on.” “ I
“ am very loth to disappoint
“ you,” returned the Farmer,
“ but now I recollect, she
“ stumbled over some stones
“ and bruised her left knee,
“ so that it is impossible she
“ can walk a single yard.”

The Barber seeing how matters
was, wished him good day, and
went back and informed his
companion. — “ Now,” said
the carpenter, “ to prove that
“ I spoke truth, I will go and
“ borrow the mare directly.”

Away

Away he went, and told the Farmer, “he had a job in
“hand, by which he should
“gain a deal of money, if he
“could get any person to lend
“him a horse,” adding, “that
“he should not mind giving
“two guineas for the use of
“one for a day or two.”
“What!” exclaimed the Farmer, “two guineas did you
“say? There is my old mare
“in the stable, if she will do the
“business, you are exceed-
“ingly welcome to her.” The
conclusion is plain. — The
Farmer became the laughing
stock of the neighbourhood,
and it was a common saying
there about ever afterwards,
that “*Money makes the Mare*
“*to go.*”

THE END.







